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BECAUSE THE GLOBE will give you, for

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your wife or your children can secure extra

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Boston Weekly Globe.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1890.

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The Globe Newspaper Co.,

342 Washington Street, Boston.

Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as second class matter.

"Truth is stronger than error, rightness

is stronger than evil, life is stronger

than death."—Phillips Brooks.

THOSE OUTRAGEOUS CENSUS QUES-

TIONS.

The census-taker will soon pull the door-

bell, and the responsible head of the house

who happens to be present will be called

upon to respond to certain very tart ques-

tions, under a penalty of \$100 for each

refusal to answer.

Under this odious Republican inquisition

a woman will be asked some decidedly im-

pudent questions as to her physical health,

for example, whether she has ever been

divorced, has ever given birth to a

child, whether she has any chronic or acute

disease, or has any physical deformity that

she is trying to conceal.

The male head of the house will be asked

such questions as whether he has ever been

to jail, or is defective in his senses or

mental faculties; whether the house in

which he lives belongs to him, and if so, to

what extent it is mortgaged.

It would be hard to find any country this

side of Russia in which the citizen is

subjected to such an inquisition as this.

The amount of equivocation if not of pos-

itive falsehood that will doubtless result

can only be known on the books of that

celestial census-taker popularly referred to

as the recording angel. There is not the

slightest possibility that such questions

will be generally answered with candor

and accuracy, and reports based upon the

evasive and incorrect replies that will be

made in probably the majority of cases

will, of course, have no real statistical

weight or value whatever.

We agree with the New York Sun in re-

garding these extraordinary census ques-

tions as an outrageous invasion of the per-

sonal and private business of the citizen.

Congress should come to the relief of the

people promptly, by ordering these intol-

erably inquisitive interrogations to be drop-

ped.

AN UNSEARCHABLE REALM.

These are stirring days in the scientific

world, and the most alert intelligence has

enough to do to keep its sensitive plates in

condition to record each day's advance.

But the science of mind awaits its inter-

preter. Its BENJAMIN FRANKLIN has not

yet been evolved, while its EDISON cannot

be said to have sent one advance prophet.

Old and new psychological puzzles con-

front us, and, as we will, we cannot

deny the puzzle to ourselves. We are a

denying puzzle to ourselves, and up to the

present time no one has even been able to

determine whether we are the masters and

propellers of our own mental machinery, or

whether we think, speak, write and act

merely as the puppets of some guiding in-

telligence, some power by which we are

connected with invisible beings or wires.

Who can tell what comes to the orator in

his higher flights, taking possession of his

being, lifting him out of himself and put-

ting into words, unfettered by self-conscious

halting, the inspiring sentences—perhaps

truths even—that in turn thrill and uplift

the listening intelligences? And by what

magical process do these listeners interpret

sound into sense, absorb it into the con-

sciousness, and respond with grand aspira-

tion and endeavor to the eloquent appeal?

The same influence, whatever it may be,

sways over the writer—perhaps oftenest

over the poet. Even the occasional bard

must have felt its power. Sometimes by a

sudden inspiration, the song comes, rounded

and complete. Often it happens that in

the midst of the more or less mechanical

labor of verse-making, all at once the

"power is turned on." The writer has no

more to do. A strange impelling force per-

meals the being, with a sort of rapture, and

with no conscious mental effort the

thought sweeps its way, and emotion trans-

mits itself into words. Needless to say

these are rare moments; but once the soul

has been swept with poetic fervor the mem-

ory lives, though the song may die. Most

good things do die young.

But what an experience awaits the dis-

embodied spirit when it is privileged in its

internal researches to visit the laboratory

where thought has its source, and mind

finds its motive power. If we could get

a real mental grasp upon the electric prin-

ciple we might find the key to the workings,

at least, if not to the source of mind. There

are singular analogies between the two.

Stand on a quiet street and await the

coming of an electric car. You do not see

it even in dim perspective. But listen; the

wires begin to thrill. It is but just out of

sight and drawing near. The current is

rushing along the lines. Another moment

and it is upon you. It had given warning.

You knew it could not be far behind.

You go to your home or your office. Every

faculty becomes absorbed, and nothing jars

upon your self-absorption. The pen

pursues. You rest your head for a moment

upon your hand. How long it has been since

you have heard from that one-time insepa-

erable old comrade, of whom you have been

so fond. You have not even thought about

him much of late. Strange that so strong

ties as those between you should have

slackened. Such friends are rare and you

lift your eyes and he stands before you. He

was comical and the unseen wires gave

warning.

Some people always announce their com-

ing so. And strangely enough it is not

always, and perhaps not usually, those with

whom we are most at one. The closest

friends indeed cannot catch each other

napping. The connecting wires are not

suffered to fall into disuse. The current is

always on.

Even this phenomenon, however, is more

asily understood than another kindred

and common experience. Most of our

friendly letters herald themselves in a

similar way. We find ourselves thinking of

some distant correspondent. It has been

long since a letter has passed between us.

Old ties reassert themselves, and memory

has its way. That day the letter comes,

an insensate thing of ink and

paper, but charged, with the person-

ality of the writer, and capable of

making its influence felt from the depths of

the distant mail bag. And furthermore it

can make affidavit that the sentiment or

motif of the letter sometimes works through

its envelope. Probably the most of us have

been made spiritually aware of the pres-

ence of some fatal misdeed in the room

before an unerring instinct drew our steps

HOWARD'S LETTER.

The Immensity of Human Nature in People.

Boycotting Soap to Revolve the Wrongs of a Woman.

The Power of Fraternity and of Public Sentiment.

New York, May 24. In spite of the money tricks of society's pets, the extraordinary acts and crimes of individual members of the species; in spite of the odiousness of the money, and the fact that everywhere and more especially in the great centers of advanced civilization, there is a deep current of fraternity which has led in the course of ages, to a universal sympathy for the oppressed and the wronged of human nature in people.

There is a chord in the heart of every man, woman and child, rich or poor, high or low, or evil, which, struck, gives forth such music as makes the world a better place. It is the chord of sympathy, and it is the chord of sympathy which has led to the great events of the world.

Great events bring out this harmony. Sensational episodes, stirring scenes, a dramatic calamity, a sudden disaster, a victory on the field of battle, a rout, a defeat, intelligence of some dire disaster, a great physical event, like the blizzard of two years ago, these are the great events of the world, and they are the events which have led to the great events of the world.

It is interesting to all students of mankind to note how, even in the most remote of times, there has been a wave, as it were, of feeling sweeping the land. A majority of you who read are not old enough to remember the

Death of Abraham Lincoln. But most of you recall vividly the scenes which followed the death of the great man. The world was in a state of mourning, and the people were in a state of mourning.

Stranger to clerk in temperance hotel. I don't seem to have any bar here. Clerk No. 3, but all our rooms are fitted with electric bells. You can go up to your room if you wish, sir, and have a knock drink. Stranger—A knock drink? What's that? Clerk—You press the button, we do the rest.

It's Too Good for Bostonians. Bill, the tramp, to his chum, who is sitting on a City Hall Park bench, reading a bit of old newspaper. "What's the news, Jim?" "Oh, nothing," says the tramp. "The price of silver bars in London, Gewilliams' drinks must come high there. A plain wooden bar is good enough for me."

Accommodating About Being Accommodated. Farmer (to clerk)—"What time do you have dinner?" Clerk—"You can get dinner any time you wish it." Farmer—"Sakes alive, don't have dinner just to suit my fancy; some of these other folks make wait at some other time."

Why Women Should Read the Papers. "William," said his wife, in a pained tone of voice: "you were coming out of a saloon last evening. What was your business in such a place?" "I only went in to sample an 'original package,' my dear," replied her husband. "Well, is that all?" "That's all."

Triumph of Mind Over Matter. "I don't know what to do to London or not," said a man. "You shouldn't back out now that success has crowned your efforts." "What efforts?" "To hold a monopoly on your eyes without using your hands."

A Victim of the Widow's Might. Alcorn—Little Virginia is paying a great deal of attention to Mrs. Fort, the stout widow. Have you noticed her? Augustus—Yes, she weighs about 250 and is about 40. The boy has a new name for Virginia. They call him "the widow's mite."

"Our Own" Are Not So Good. Druggist—Don't see why we should be excited to see those stamens. They're not in our line. Brown—Of course they're not. When you run out of them you can't give anything else as a substitute.

He is a Miracle. Mrs. Gargam—Fred, is Mr. Shively a Christian? Gargam—Oh, yes. "Well, I've heard him talk through the telephone every day for six months without the assistance of profanity."

Some Men Are So Unreasonable. Mrs. Soaker at 2 p.m.—Where have you been, I should like to know? Soaker—Been, oh, shooting. Rabbit? Mrs. Soaker—No, I mean where have you been? Soaker—No, I mean where have you been? Soaker—No, I mean where have you been?

Takes Everything in the House. "I called on Mrs. Sna today, and found her bathing the baby in the washbub. Haven't they a bathroom?" "Yes, but my husband is an amateur photographer."

His Love Was Growing Tired. He enthusiastically—if I could always hold these little hands in mine. She—What good would that do you? He—Then you couldn't pound that piano any more.

They'll Find Out, of Course. Gargam—The census enumerators will have to be very brave men. Bunting—Why? Gargam—They'll have to go right up to women and ask how old they are.

barber shop to a street of extreme alcoholic proportions. We had here, not many years ago, a compact body known as a ring, composed of shrewd, unscrupulous rascals, thieves, who made merry sport of public treasury.

Of the people's money, and rode rough shod over a highway of public benefits. Opposition early developed in a small way, but the case with which it was snuffed out made the rascals bolder.

They were shrewd enough to give the people something for their money, and to them New York is indebted today for the improved glories of its Central Park, for its magnificent revenues, the Riverside drive, and for a scheme of sewerage, by which the city is reformed, which followed the ring, which would, having been prosecuted to the end, have given New York a system of docks worthy of the magnificent harbor.

Other opposition was developed, and this time from the quarters of the business community. A fight ensued, and then all the little fellows who had been around the ring, and who had been scotched, came to the front and united their several enmities into one majestic wave, and the ring was broken.

It was the potency of popular will that put the fellows where they belonged and sent them there so that not until this day have one of them dared to peep or utter a word, or even to return to power, to place, even to influence.

Great Democratic Leader lay upon his bed sick to death, the press of the country, without regard to party or to section, extended to him the right hand of sympathy; and when it was that the great commoner had come forward, that those same presses, from one end of the land to the other, joined harmoniously in the expression of their sympathy.

Samuel J. Randall was thus honored in his life, thus glorified in his death, because for years there had been growing a public sentiment, centered in him, that the sturdiness of his character, and added to and emphasized as the years rolled on by the inflexibility of his moral courage, and the purity of his motives.

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There were no formal contracts, no written agreements, and the matter was understood between them that she was to live there until she died. She was very poor and he was very rich. Occasionally he visited her during his lifetime, but made no provision for her after his death. His will, however, provided that she should have the property, and the purchasers noted the occupant that she must leave on a certain date. No representation made by her, or agents as to her position, or intention, or as to what she would do.

The heirs, finding the deeds in possession of the heirs, would of course sustain their action. The heirs, finding the deeds in possession of the heirs, would of course sustain their action. The heirs, finding the deeds in possession of the heirs, would of course sustain their action.

One side is comical in the extreme. It strikes the mind of a man, and is a dig at a principle, their weapon being the ignoring of a bar of soap, but on the other hand there is the potent force of fraternity, of human sympathy, which means nothing but the good of the world.

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